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BIRDS FROM MOIDART.

BY J. E. HARTING.

FIVE and twenty years ago, comparatively little was known of the avifauna of Scotland. The labours of Macgillivray and of Sir William Jardine, so fully recognised at the present day in works still popular, though so long ago published, were not confined to Scottish territory, but had reference to a more general investigation of British zoology in which their observations on Scottish birds formed merely a part. It is much to be regretted that neither of these distinguished naturalists lived to prepare a general work on the birds of Scotland, a work which would have been as welcome as it would certainly have been reliable.

Charles St John, gifted with equal power of observation, though with less scientific attainment, has probably done more than any other writer of a past generation to unveil the natural beauties of the Scottish Highlands, and make us acquainted with the haunts and habits of Scottish game and wildfowl, with which he himself was so thoroughly familiar as a sportsman and a naturalist. His *Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands*, his *Tour in Sutherland*, and his *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, are books that live in the memory of all who have perused them; faithful records of accurate observations, delighting as much by the information which they convey, as by the charming and unaffected style in which they are written.

Nor should the name of John Colquhoun, as a writer on Scottish field-sports, be forgotten amongst those who have helped to make us better acquainted with all the wild denizens of 'Moor and Loch.' Though claiming no rank as a scientific ornithologist, he was, like Christopher North 'in his aviary,' and 'in his sporting jacket,' a keen sportsman and shrewd observer, and no one can read his chapter on natural history and sport in Bute—to name one of many—without a feeling of admiration and

indebtedness. To Robert Gray, however, we are beholden for the first published attempt at a general work on Scottish ornithology. In 1871 appeared his *Birds of the West of Scotland*, for which he had paved the way in 1869 with a smaller book on the *Birds of Ayrshire and Wigtownshire*. The larger work at once attracted favourable attention, and it was not long before it became 'out of print and scarce.' Although ostensibly dealing only with the west of Scotland, with which Robert Gray was most familiar, it has, in fact, a much wider scope, owing to the observations which are made throughout the volume on the status of various species in the west as compared with their position in the east. In fact, had the author lived, a companion volume dealing fully with the avifauna of the east of Scotland would in all probability have seen the light.

It has been reserved for Mr Harvie Brown, in collaboration with Mr T. E. Buckley, to plan, prepare, and in a great measure to carry out a comprehensive work in sections dealing with the vertebrate fauna of the whole of Scotland and the Isles, and to judge by what has appeared to the present time, nothing could be more satisfactory. The volumes already issued are (1) *A Vertebrate Fauna of Sutherland, Caithness, and West Cromarty* (1887); (2) *The Outer Hebrides* (1888); (3) *The Birds of Iona and Mull* (1890); (4) *The Orkney Islands* (1891); and (5) *The Fauna of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides* (1892); while the sixth and seventh volumes, dealing with the *Fauna of the Moray Basin*, are announced as nearly ready for publication. This admirable series of volumes, which must have cost its authors an infinity of trouble and years of patient observation and collection of records, will contain, when complete, all that is known (or likely to be known for some time to come) of the vertebrate fauna of Scotland and the Isles, although naturally the researches of specialists in various directions will result from time to time in the filling in of details of more or less value.

We have been led to take up the last published volume of this series, which relates to Argyllshire, in consequence of the recent appearance of Mrs Blackburn's sketches of birds made chiefly in that county.* Dwelling at Roshven on that promontory which juts into the Sound of Arisaig between Loch Ailort and Loch Moidart, Mrs Blackburn is favourably situated for observing the wildfowl and sea-fowl, which at different seasons frequent the salt and brackish waters by which she is surrounded, and of which there is a pleasing variety. Ducks, divers, and grebes come into the lochs; guillemots and razorbills may be seen fishing in the sound; gulls and terns follow the coast-line, along which the dainty ring-dotterel, with sandpipers of various sorts, are always gleaning the harvest of the sea. Farther out the gannets soar and plunge upon the passing fish, of which toll is sometimes taken by the rarer osprey. Concerning the last-named bird Mrs Blackburn tells us that its mode of carrying a captured fish is noteworthy. Instead of grasping it, as generally represented, across the back with the feet held parallel and close together, it takes it fore and aft as a man would hold a spear, and carries it head foremost so as to present the smallest surface of resistance to the opposing wind.

The alleged fondness of the tawny owl for fish is confirmed by the partiality which was evinced by some birds of this species which Mrs Blackburn had at liberty in her garden. When first imported there, they were not old enough to shift for themselves, and so had their food provided for them daily. They were very fond of fish; a share of what was caught was put out for them every evening, and was always devoured before morning.

Amongst other fish-eating birds studied in their natural haunts is the heron, of which a picturesque group of eighteen was sketched one fine summer morning while resting on the shore of Loch Eil, below Ben Nevis. A half-starved bird of this species, captured during a hard frost, was brought home and turned into a garret. It would take herrings out of a bath, and then stand on one leg on a chair for an hour or more, quite still, in a favourable position for being drawn. When the thaw came, it was restored to liberty at the spot where it was found.

Mrs Blackburn has lived long enough in Moidart to have noted some curious changes in bird-life in that district. In 1856 there were no starlings there. 'They began to come only a few years ago, resting temporarily on the islands. Now a good many stay all the year round, and live in the dovecot among the pigeons. Some try to build in the chimneys of the house, if the rooms are empty and fireless, filling them up yards deep with sticks which are very difficult to get out. One has to light an occasional fire to drive them away with the smoke, and prevent their repeating the offence, which they are only too ready to do.'

* *Birds from Moidart and Elsewhere, drawn from Nature*, by Mrs Hugh Blackburn, sm. 4to, 192 pp. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1895.

Thrushes, also, are much more numerous now at Roshven than they used to be, probably owing to the increase of cultivation, and enlargement of garden ground. They stay all the winter unless the frost be unusually severe. There were no common sparrows to be seen when the author first knew the district, nor for many years afterwards. Since they came, the yellow hammer is said to have decreased in numbers.

A curious departure from the normal mode of nesting has been observed in the jackdaw and the wood-pigeon. Mrs Blackburn has seen nests of the former bird on the island of Inch Murrin in Loch Lomond among the roots of old oak trees, some of them quite low down in the ground, others above, with great quantities of sticks both above and below. She has heard a tradition to the effect that the wood-pigeons in old times used to build their nests on the ground, but their young having been so often destroyed by passing cattle, they took to nesting on trees. It is curious that the same thing has been reported of the pigeon-like *Didunculus*, or little dodo, in the island of Samoa, in its attempts to escape from the pigs of the settlers which sought for and devoured the young birds. Nightjars Mrs Blackburn has seen 'in the gloaming, running about on their short legs on the gravel near the house, catching white ghost moths near the grass.' The observation 'running about' is new to us. On the wing, or perched upon a tree, this bird is familiar enough, but very few persons are sharp enough to detect it on the ground before it has taken flight, since the soft brown and gray shades of colour in the plumage harmonise so wonderfully with the natural surroundings as almost to defy detection of the bird until on the wing.

Perhaps the most interesting of all Mrs Blackburn's sketches is that which she gives of the young cuckoo ejecting from the nest the young of the meadow pipit, its foster parent. The story is not new, for she published it many years ago, and it gained her some notoriety in the ornithological world, since it confirmed the earlier statements of Jenner, which had been doubted, and even rejected as incredible, by some who ought to have known better. Her observations on the subject have been accepted and quoted by Gould in his *Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain*, and by the present writer in his *Summer Migrants*, and have since been fully confirmed by the late John Hancock from his own observations in the garden of his friend Hewitson at Oatlands (*Zoologist*, 1886, p. 203), a fact which Mrs Blackburn might well have noted in her new volume.

Her drawing of the young cuckoo as well as of the adult bird are amongst the most successful in the book; but there are many others of almost equal merit. The spotted flycatcher feeding its fledgling, the young ring ouzel from the hills of Moidart, the stonechat and whinchat on the furze, the blue tit on the larch, the young hoodie crow which had fallen out of its nest in an old aspen-tree on an island in Loch Ailort, the swimming guillemot with half-closed wings on the point of

diving—all these are faithful transcripts of nature which do credit to the artist.

The letterpress which accompanies each plate is in many cases too brief. It might well have been longer; for a lady who can observe birds to draw them as Mrs Blackburn can, must have much more to tell concerning them.

It is well for those whose lines are cast in such pleasant places as the author of these charming sketches from the north. While from her sea-girt home she can gaze over moor and loch, we in the far-off city must be content to look wistfully towards the misty mountain top which towers above the far Loch Eil, and thank her for the pleasant peep she has given us of bird-life in Argyllshire.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN.*

CHAPTER IV.—‘TEA IS READY.’

THERE was no time for any reply, because just then the door was opened and a girl's head appeared. ‘Tea is ready,’ she said, and disappeared.

Tea was served in the room on the other side of the hall. Like the study, this room was a lovely old room also, completely wainscoted with cedar. There were the same carvings over the mantel, fruit, flowers, grapes, leaves, and branches, and the shield with the family coat of arms. The room was, however, lighter than the study, partly because it contained in each of the upper panels family portraits, and on the panels below oil-paintings representing the river as seen from the boat-yard, with its ships, barges, hoyes, lighters, boats, and all the life and motion and business of the river in the last century. So little regard for art was there in the family that no one knew who had painted these panels. Yet it was no mean hand which had designed and executed them. Many indications pointed to the daily occupancy of the room by the household. In the window, for instance, stood a small table, with a work-basket placed there out of the way; there was a sideboard of the Second George of mahogany, black with age; it was one of the kind consisting of two square towers, each with a locked door and two compartments within, and a broad flat connecting piece with a drawer. In the middle portion stood a noble old punch-bowl, surrounded by glasses—lovely old glasses—the convivial rummer, the useful tumbler, the tall champagne glass, the old-fashioned little port glass, the tiny liqueur glass—a beautiful assortment such as a mere modern cannot understand. On one side of the towers stood a glass filled with spring flowers, and on the other, as if belonging to the masculine sort, a case for spirits. On the panels above the pictures was a row of china plates—they had stood there for a hundred years, only taken down from time to time to be dusted. On the other side of the room, opposite to the door, was a cottage piano, open, with music piled on the top. In one corner, near the fireplace, was a

little stack of churchwarden pipes, and in the other corner was a door, half open, which revealed a surprising cupboard. The eighteenth-century housewife demanded so many store-rooms, for all her jams, jellies, pickles, wines, cordials, and strong waters; so many still-rooms, linen-rooms, and pantries for the immense collections which her family wanted for the successful conduct of a household, that it became necessary to have a cupboard in the parlour, or general living-room, as well. This cupboard belonged to the Burnikels of the last century; but its use was continued by the present occupants. Here were kept the cups and saucers, old and new; here was the plate-basket containing the forks and spoons in daily use—silver, not plated, and thin with age; here were certain books which once formed the family library—they were chiefly of the religious kind; here were tea-caddy, coffee-caddy, and sugar-basin; here were the decanters which belonged to the Sunday dinner; here were household account-books; here was the corkscrew; here were mysterious phials; here were kept the marking-ink, the writing-ink, the pens and paper; here was the current pot of jam; here were the lemons; here, in short, the thousand and one things likely to be wanted every day by the household. For this room was the family keeping or living-room; it was not the dining-room, or the breakfast-room; it was the parlour; Robert's room had been the best parlour until he changed it into the study.

One did not take in all these details at once; but I had abundant opportunities, afterwards, of noting everything. Meantime, what I observed first of all was that ‘tea’ meant sitting down to a white cloth, spread with a magnificent display of good things. I remembered my cousin's ominous words, ‘I told them that you might come in to tea;’ ‘they’ had provided this square meal in hospitality for me.

The girl who sat behind the tea-tray, ready to serve, was doubtless the housekeeper, accountant, secretary, clerk, whom my cousin was some day about to marry. A slight, delicate-looking girl she appeared to be; and she seemed shy, her head drooping. Beside her stood, supported by a stick, an elderly man.

‘This is Captain Dering,’ said my cousin, introducing his friend, ‘and this is Isabel Dering.’

The girl bowed stiffly. The captain extended a friendly hand.

‘Glad to make your acquaintance, sir,’ he said heartily. ‘There was a time when I made new friends every voyage, but those times are over. The sight of a stranger at Wapping is a rare event, I assure you.’

‘Especially,’ I said, ‘a stranger who comes in search of a long-lost cousin.’

The face and dress and general appearance of this old gentleman indicated his profession. It was nautical.

‘My tough old figure-head,’ face and dress and general appearance all cried aloud together, ‘tells you that I have been a sailor. My clear honest eyes tell you that I am a

sailor. My red and weather-beaten cheek; my blue cloth; the shape of my jacket—all proclaim that I am a sailor—and proud of it, sir, proud of it.'

Then Robert Burnikel, to my confusion, because I thought the custom (over a cup of tea) long exploded, pronounced a grace. It was an old family grace dating from the time when all respectable families of the middle class were extremely religious, and the Church of England was evangelical, and when ladies conversed and wrote letters to each other almost entirely on the condition of their souls. Quite a long collect, this grace was. Yet the utterance was as purely formal as that of grace in a college hall, or grace in a workhouse, which is the most formal thing I know. Robert pronounced that grace mechanically.

This form of prayer concluded, we all sat down. A tremendous tea was on the table: ham in slices, boiled eggs, potted tongue, prawns, bread and butter, cakes of many kinds, including plum cake, seed cake, Madeira cake, tea cake (which is a buttered or bilious variety), short cake, biscuits, jam, marmalade, and honey. A hospitable tea. A square tea, in fact. A tea, like Robert Burnikel himself, at once serious and earnest and heavy.

As a rule, I repeat, I take nothing with my afternoon tea. But one must not be churlish. My cousin glanced at me before the prayer, as if to say, 'You shall see for yourself how Wapping can do it.' And I was expected to do justice to all these good things provided for my honour. Why, if this splendid spread was out on the table every day, the captain's clear eye would become yellow and the master would find it no longer possible to follow out an argument, for the black spots, lines, and circles which would be bobbing about between his nose and the printed page. It must have been an exceptional spread. No one could live through a month of such teas. I avoided the ham and escaped the eggs, and declined the shrimps. But I went in for the cake, and on the whole acquitted myself, I believe, creditably. The captain and the giver of the feast, on their parts, ploughed their way resolutely through the whole array of dishes.

When the first pangs were appeased the captain spoke.

'Sir George Burnikel,' he said with solemnity, 'I commanded the *Maid of Athens* which ran between Calicut and Ceylon for many years. As the captain of that noble vessel I've taken passengers aboard of the highest rank—the very highest—not to speak of coffee planters. Not that their rank made them better sailors. I acknowledge so much. But it made me a respecter of the British aristocracy, Sir George Burnikel, of which you are a worthy member. Robert here is all for pulling down. Why? I ask you, humbly, Sir George—why?' Robert grunted.

'Why, I ask? When you break up an old ship, she's gone. Let her be. Let her go on till she's wrecked or cast away. No, sir, when you've carried noblemen upon the Indian ocean, and found out that they are exactly like other people—must be stroked the right way—want the most comfortable berths—drink

the same grog, and talk the same language—then you get to respect the aristocracy. Because you see, with their chances, they might have been so very different. And then you ask, why pull down? Why sweep away?' He addressed the question to Robert, who only grunted. It was obviously an old subject of dispute.

Then the captain turned to the table again and proceeded to work through the festive spread in silence. The lagging of conversation enabled me to look about and observe. To observe in a strange house is to make discoveries. First, I regarded the girl at the tea-tray. She was rather pretty, I thought: too pale, as if she took too little exercise or worked too hard, or was underfed; she had curiously soft and limpid eyes—of the kind which seem to hold within them unknown depths of something—wisdom, perhaps; love, perhaps; prophecy, perhaps—according to the lover's interpretation. Her features were regular but not of classical outline: her cheek looked soft as velvet; her lips were mobile. But she was too grave; she looked sad even. I remembered what my cousin said, 'No fondling and nonsense.' At twenty-four one has not a large experience, but I certainly could not help thinking that she was a girl designed and intended by nature to live upon love, and the fondlings and caresses and outward signs of love, which her fiancé thought so ridiculous. To have none! To wait for ten, twelve, fifteen years, and to lack that consolation and comfort! Poor child! Poor Isabel!

And then I made another discovery. The girl was afraid of her cousin—the master—the man who would not permit his own mother to entertain any illusions about the mastery. She was afraid of her own lover! Wonderful! She watched him anxiously; she anticipated his wants in silence; he received her attentions without acknowledgment. Why was she afraid of him? Did he scold and abuse his secretary?

My host, I perceived, conducted his eating with the resolution and the rapidity that becomes habitual when one sits down to eat and not to talk. As I learned afterwards, there was little conversation at the table in this house because the master was always full of his own thoughts and despised the common topics of the day and the season. Perceiving, when he had himself finished a very substantial stop-gap between dinner and supper, that his guest had also ceased taking in provisions, he rose abruptly, pushing back his chair and his plate. One may remark this thing done daily in the cottage and in the village. It is an action which seems to belong to a level lower than that of a master boat-builder: one might have expected more attention to style: but, as I learned afterwards, in a house where one man rules absolute, like Nero of Rome, and nobody dares to expostulate, some deterioration of manners is apt to creep in.

'Now,' he said, 'if you won't take any more tea cake? a few shrimps? an egg? No? Then we'll go and have another talk.—Isabel, you needn't come in.'

The captain took no notice of our departure.

I bowed to the girl, who looked a little surprised at this act of courtesy and rather stiffly inclined her head.

Outside the door Robert Burnikel stopped. 'Up-stairs,' he said, 'I think there is something to interest you. Come along.' On the second floor he threw open the door of a room. 'This,' he said, 'is called the spare room. But I never remember that it was occupied. We could do without it, I suppose; and we never had any visitors to stay the night. So you see, it is only half-furnished.' The room contained a wooden bed with mattresses, but no feather-bed, or spring-bed, or curtains—only the frame; there were three or four old chairs standing about, and there was a great sailor's chest. 'This,' he explained, 'is the bed of old John Burnikel, the man who had the bag of diamonds.'

'Oh! It is a pity we haven't got the bag as well, isn't it? Did your great-grandfather buy the bed?'

'I suspect there was no buying. He was on the spot and he took it—bed and sea-chest and all. I suppose he thought that perhaps in spite of their failures to find it, the bag might be somewhere about the bed.'

'And he searched, of course.'

'I believe this bed must have been taken to pieces a hundred times. My brother and I once took it to pieces and tapped every piece all over with a hammer to see if it was hollow. Look! Here is the secret cupboard in which people used to hide their things.' It was at the head of the bed. He pressed a certain spot in the woodwork and a door flew open, disclosing a small recess. 'Everybody knew the secret, but everybody pretended not to know. Of course, when the old man was gone, the first thing they did was to look into this secret cupboard. But there was nothing in it. Then they turned the house inside out. Then they quarrelled and fought. Then they dissolved partnership.'

'And then,' I added, 'they accused each other, for three generations after, of stealing that bag. It's a wonderful family story. Let me try.'

I put in my hand and felt round the little cupboard. There was nothing.

'And this,' my cousin went on, 'is the old man's sea-chest. That, too, was brought here at the same time as the bed. The two things, except for a table and a chair, and a frying-pan, were all the furniture the old man possessed. It's a most marvellous thing to think of. What became of that bag? A hundred times and more that old bed has been pulled to pieces, and that old chest has been turned out to see if there was any hiding-place still undiscovered.'

A large, iron-bound sea-chest. I threw open the lid. It seemed to contain a queer lot of useless rubbish.

'The sight of this box,' said Robert, 'makes one believe that there really must have been a bag of diamonds after all.'

'Of course there was. The only thing is—what became of it? Nobody knew anything about it. Nobody was in the house from the time that the old man was taken ill until his

nephew came; no outsider stole that bag. What became of it, then? Of course, it is no good asking now. Still it is mysterious.'

'Yes. And about ninety years ago the two cousins were standing over the dead man's bed, just as we are doing now. I feel as if it was yesterday. Don't accuse me of stealing the thing, or there will be another fight.'

Robert smiled grimly. Were there to be another fight he was perfectly assured about the event. A very superior young man in every direction. I noted the smile and understood it. But it was all part of this very singular and masterful personality to which I was thus singularly introduced.

By this time I was fully impressed with the fact that I had to deal with a very remarkable, resolute, and ambitious young man, who cared about nothing in the world but his own advancement; strong and able, masterful, self-confident even to the very rare degree of communicating his secret ambitions. Most men, again, limit their ambitions by the circumstances and the conditions of their lives: they do not look much beyond. The ambition of the average working-man is to get continuous work, sometimes to become a master; the ambition of the average young shopkeeper is to extend his business; the young solicitor hopes for a steady practice; the young author hopes for acceptance by the editor, only acceptance, only a chance; he has no thought at first of great, world-wide success; his ambition increases as he gets on. In Robert's case the ambition was from the outset full-grown. 'I will go into the House,' he said, being only a boat-builder with a small yard and a moderate business; 'and I will become a Cabinet Minister.' Such ambition was immense, presumptuous, audacious, considering his position. And yet, considering the man, apart from his position, I recognised almost from the outset that it was not ridiculous.

THE TINTOMETER.

ALTHOUGH much might be written about the origin of colour and its beauty and significance in the general scheme of the universe, our principal object in this article is to describe an instrument for the measurement of colour, known as the 'Tintometer.' For scientific purposes colour is measured by means of the spectroscope. The light emitted from a coloured body is split up by prisms, and the spectrum is compared with the solar spectrum and mapped out on a scale. This procedure is all very well for scientific work pure and simple, but the time, accuracy, and instruments required for carrying it out render such a method impracticable for industrial purposes. The analyst has his own methods of comparing and recording colours, but most of the processes require a scientific man to use them. What is needed is an instrument that shall be simple in construction, easily understood, and capable of being worked by any one not versed in scientific methods. In such a delicate matter

as colour, accuracy and reliability are all important, so that the instrument must possess these qualities in addition. The problem of inventing such a desideratum was taken up by Mr J. W. Lovibond of Salisbury about twenty years ago as a scientific hobby. To engage in research both wealth and leisure are required, and, fortunately, Mr Lovibond as a rich brewer had both. He got together a staff of workers, and hammered away industriously for several years to find the solution of the problem.

The result of their labours is the Tintometer. In its present form a simpler instrument could hardly be imagined, or one more easy to use. It consists of an oblong box, divided by a longitudinal partition into two parallel-sided tubes. The eye, in looking through the middle eye-piece, takes no account of the partition, and sees both tubes at once. Two other eye-pieces are cut in the end of the instrument, so that it can be used either as a binocular or a monocular. At the bottom of one tube is placed the substance to be examined, whilst in the slots of the other tube standard coloured glasses are inserted until the colour of the substance is matched exactly. A coloured solution, such as a dye, is placed in a gauged cell; a solid, such as flour, is compressed into a shallow wooden cell; and a fabric is stretched on a flat piece of wood. Nearly every substance requires some special means of compensating for its texture, so that both sides of the instrument shall appear the same to the eye. Suppose, for instance, that we wish to examine a sample of crystallised sugar. The sugar is compressed into the wooden cell and placed at the bottom of one tube, whilst a similar cell, filled with colourless broken glass of the same degree of fineness as the sample, is placed at the bottom of the other tube. The standard coloured glasses, of which we shall have more to say directly, are then inserted and changed about until an exact match between the two sides of the instrument is obtained. Where flour is to be examined, it is moistened with water and compressed into the cell in a similar way to the sugar; but, instead of broken glass on the other side of the instrument, a cell filled with precipitated sulphate of lime is used to balance the texture of the flour. In the case of a pigment, the colour, mixed with a definite quantity of water, is pasted on white paper, and a piece of the same paper is placed on the other side. Where a dyed fabric is being examined, a white slip of the same material is placed at the bottom of the second tube. A coloured solution, such as a dye, presents the simplest case of all. A definite thickness of the dye is run into the gauged cell, and the light from a sheet of opal glass is reflected through it, the second tube being illuminated by the same reflector.

Although the tintometer itself is so obviously simple, the difficulties encountered in working out this method of colour measurement were considerable. The great trouble has been with the standard coloured glasses, which constitute the important feature of the instrument. They are narrow slips of tinted glass, resembling in shape the slides used for microscopic work, and are arranged in three graduated series of dominant colours—red, yellow, and blue. The

differences between two consecutive glasses in the lighter shades are much smaller than in the darker ones, the increase of tint in each case being just perceptible to the normal eye. As the glasses are standards, destined to last as long as possible, every endeavour has been made to secure their permanency in addition to their purity of colour. The red tint is imparted to the glass by oxide of gold, the yellow by silver, and the blue by cobalt. Recent researches of Captain Abney and others have elucidated the fact that any colour can be imitated by a mixture of two other colours with a certain proportion of black or white, that is, neutral gray. This gray is produced by a mixture of the three dominant colours of the tintometer in equal proportions. If we take any denomination in the standards and mix the three, we shall always produce neutral gray, and this is an infallible test of their accuracy. By the discovery of the relation of the three dominant colours to neutral gray, one of the great difficulties in using the tintometer was overcome. Until comparatively recently it was found impossible to register the constituents of a colour that was brighter than the tintometer standards. When it was found that the difference between dull red and bright crimson was merely due to the absence or presence of white light mixed with the red, the difficulty was at an end. By using neutral gray to diminish the brightness of the colour, it can be brought within the range of the standard glasses and recorded. The tintometer standards are not arbitrary, but are compared in the first instance with certain chemical solutions of known strength, so that if the whole of the standards were destroyed to-morrow there would be no difficulty in replacing them.

The value of the tintometer in the arts generally can hardly be overestimated. The reason why it has been so little known until recently is that the inventor regarded the subject largely as a hobby, and took no steps commercially to create a sale for the instrument. Mr Lovibond, however, drew the attention of scientific men to the results of his work by various papers, read before the Society of Chemical Industry; and several chemists, including the writer, used the tintometer more than ten years ago. Nevertheless, the knowledge of its usefulness was confined to a very limited circle, and it is only quite recently that manufacturers are realising its importance.

The applications of the tintometer are much wider than would appear at first sight. Not only do they include such industries as dyeing, colour-printing, and photography, but extend to such heterogeneous crafts as tanning and the steel industries. In many trades its value depends upon the fact that the colour of a substance is to a large extent an index to its purity, quality, and place of origin. To protect their corn trade, the Russian Government only allow the export of flour that comes up to a certain standard of excellence, and the quality is now determined by means of the tintometer. The values of the whole of the mineral oils imported into the United Kingdom are standardised by the instrument. In brewing, it is adopted by several large firms, and there is

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hardly any important industry in which it would not be of service. Of course, colours can be added to many sophisticated products so as to deceive the naked eye, but it is not easy to adjust the fraud with sufficient accuracy to deceive the tintometer standards.

One important feature of the tintometer is the permanency of its records. It will be as easy to reproduce a recorded colour in twenty years' time as it is to-day. All that we shall have to do will be to replace the glasses in the slots of the instrument—so much red, plus yellow plus blue, and to manipulate our printing-ink or pigment or dye, or whatever it may be, until it matches them. For this reason the instrument can be used with great advantage to record fugitive colours. In entomological work, for example, it is nearly impossible to preserve the colours of many insects after death. Works of art that are fading could have a permanent record made of them, so that they could be restored at any time to their pristine condition. We may remark in this connection that makers of artists' colours and printing-inks are finding the tintometer of much service.

Amongst other things, many valuable facts on the nature of colour-blindness have been added to our knowledge by Mr Lovibond's researches. Of three hundred and twenty-four observations made on nine persons of Mr Lovibond's staff, none of whom were colour-blind in the ordinary acceptation of the term, one hundred and thirty decided that the neutral gray of the tintometer standard was neutral gray; ninety-one detected a tinge of yellow, eighty a trace of blue, and twenty-three a tinge of red. It might be interesting here to speak of the relations of the colours among themselves, and of the difference between coloured light and the colour of a pigment. Red light is called the complementary to bluish-green, because a mixture of red and green light produces absolute darkness. Similarly, orange is complementary to sky-blue, yellow to violet-blue, greenish-yellow to violet, and green to pink. There is a popular idea that a mixture of blue and yellow light produces green, when, as a matter of fact, it results in total darkness. A mixture of blue and yellow pigments does produce green, because the blue pigment contains a certain proportion of green, and so does the yellow; when they are mixed, the blue and yellow extinguish one another, leaving only the green. In the tintometer standards, the red contains violet and orange; the yellow, green and orange; and the blue, violet and green. To the eye, however, the glasses appear to be simply red, yellow, and blue. If they are combined, the red and yellow transmit only orange, the blue and yellow only green, and the blue and red only violet. One interesting point that came out during the observations was, that women are much more sensitive to colour than men, their perceptions of small differences of tint being more delicate. Most people have different perceptions of colours in the two eyes, and have a greater power of perceiving some colour, being correspondingly blind to others. The only absolutely non-colour-blind person whom Mr Lovibond has met is a woman. He

attributes the greater sensitiveness of women to colour partly to an innate faculty, and partly to education. The superiority of woman in this respect is interesting, as recent researches by French savants have proved that, as regards the sense of smell, women are much less sensitive than men. For educational purposes, and for testing colour-blindness, a special set of the standard glasses have been placed in an ingenious screen, to be used without the tintometer. For teaching children, and for testing the colour-vision of seamen, railway engineers, and others, the arrangement should prove very useful.

For scientific work the tintometer is being used considerably. It is installed at St Thomas' Hospital, where it is employed to determine the changes in the blood of the patients, and for other pathological purposes. At the Liverpool waterworks, and at the Massachusetts Board of Health, the instrument is used to record the colour and turbidity of potable waters. For scientific investigation, indeed, the employment of the tintometer is extending rapidly, and much work may be done with it that is as beautiful as it is interesting.

THE GIRDLETON GALLERY MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II.

THE lighting arrangements in the poorer streets of Lambeth, as in other humble districts of London, leave much to be desired; hence, although Eltham had taken the precaution of ascertaining the situation of Horn Lane on the directory map before setting out on his quest, he wandered about the maze of unsavoury streets for a full hour before he succeeded in finding the place he wanted. He had decided to approach Welks, the Sunday watchman first, because his dwelling appeared to be the most accessible. 'But if Jackson's place is harder to find than this,' he thought, as he turned into the forbidding gloom of Horn Lane, 'it will take me a week to find it.'

It was a dingy street running down to the river whereon lights twinkled from the opposite shore. The numbers of the houses were absent from seven doors out of ten, but by careful counting Eltham succeeded in identifying No. 26. The bell handle hung by a foot of rusty wire, and the knocker had been wrench'd off, but the application of his stick to the door brought a slatternly girl with a candle.

'John Welks? Top floor back, and you must mind the broke ballisters; but if I was you I'd go and look in at the "Chequers" before goin' all the ways up-stairs.'

Inquiry revealed that the 'Chequers' was a public-house at the river end of the Lane, and thither Eltham turned, guided by the flare from its windows. The idea of pushing his way into a tavern in a quarter like this in search of one of its habitués was distasteful, and he had to screw up his courage to cross the street. As luck would have it, however, the glass doors were thrust open as he stood hesitating on the threshold, and the man he sought came out on a blast of mingled vapours in which gin held easy prominence.

'Here, Welks,' he said, as the man passed him, 'I want to speak to you.'

Mr Welks required some seconds to realise who addressed him. Richard Eltham, in his mind, was associated exclusively with the office in the Girdleton Gallery and the weekly pay-day. 'Wot! Mr Eltham! Wot's up now? Did you 'ear as I'd got the sack to-day?'

'Yes, I heard you had been discharged, and I thought very unjustly.'

Mr Welks smote his left palm with his right fist and vowed, with adjectives, that it was 'a scannalus piecer injustice, so it was.'

'Come with me and tell me all you can; I've come down here to see you about it. Where can we go to have a quiet talk?'

Mr Welks' idea of a suitable retreat for a confidential talk was the bar of the 'Chequers,' alternatively, that of the 'Hoop and Toy.' Eltham, mindful of his one whiff of 'Chequers' atmosphere, declined both and suggested a seat on the low wall, which held the road along the river-side above the tidal mud; it was a warm night, he delicately urged, and pleasanter out of doors than in.

'Mr Eltham,' said Welks solemnly, as he sat down, 'if it was my last word in breathing life, that there message what that there boy brought me Sunday morning was a plant—a *occus*, by which last word he doubtless meant hoax.'

'What boy? What message?' inquired Eltham eagerly, his heart beginning to beat. 'Tell me exactly what happened. I did not arrive this morning till you and Jackson had gone, you know.'

Mr Welks' narrative style was discursive and disjointed, but fluent; patience and attention, however, eventually placed Eltham in possession of a story which he was repeatedly assured was 'the truth, the 'ole truth, and nothing but the truth s'welp me.'

Welks had relieved Jackson as usual at eight o'clock, or a few minutes after, on Sunday morning. At about one, seeing the sunshine through the fanlight, and craving fresh air and a glimpse of the outer world, he set one half of the great door open and drew his chair so that he could look out into the street. While he sat smoking his pipe, there came along the street a 'young boy' who asked if he were 'Mister Welks.' Receiving answer in the affirmative, the young boy gave him a letter and waited while he read it; which Welks confessed he did slowly, not being a scholar. The letter stated that Mrs Welks was taken ill, and that his presence was required at her side. For reasons detailed with minuteness, he was not surprised at this intelligence. Mr Eltham might remember that on Tuesday last the 'governor' sanctioned an advance of Welks' wages for ten shillings? Well, Mrs Welks' indisposition made that advance necessary. After consideration he determined that his obligations as husband outweighed his duty as watchman, and that the summons must be obeyed. The difficulty was the door; he could not reconcile it to his conscience to leave the door open, and if he shut it, his departure from his post must be discovered, as nobody but the master himself could open it again. He found a way out of his dilemma by offering the boy a penny to

wait inside until he returned, which offer the boy accepted. So he showed his youthful substitute how to manipulate the door handle, enjoined him under penalties not to open the door until he heard a knock, and hurried home to Horn Lane. To his extreme astonishment and dismay, Mrs Welks informed him that she, being as well as could be expected but rather low, had not sent the letter and knew nothing about it. He started back at once, wondering what trick had been played upon him, and when he reached the gallery found the door open and the boy gone.

'Gone,' concluded Mr Welks impressively, 'gone without waitin' for the brown I promised 'im. Then I *knowed* there was somethink up.'

'What did you then?' inquired Eltham.

Finding that the boy was not anywhere about the place, Welks went to the clerks' office where the safe stood, examined the doors of that, and all the desks and drawers; no attempt had been made to tamper with anything, and Mr Girdleton's room was also undisturbed. Whatever had been the purpose of luring him away no harm seemed to have resulted, and he resolved to hold his tongue about the business. On Monday morning, however, when he answered the urgent summons which came from the office, and heard what had been done to the great picture, he was 'that put about,' he made a clean breast of his failure in duty to Mr Girdleton; and was dismissed on the spot.

Welks having finished his story, expectorated, relighted his pipe, and kicked his heels against the wall.

'Have you got the letter the boy brought you?' asked Eltham.

'No, sir; I threw it into the fire when I heard my missus hadn't wrote it. I was rare savage 'ocused, I was.'

Eltham made a gesture of disappointment which passed unnoticed in the dark.

'That's a pity. Should you know the boy who brought it?'

'I should,' replied the man with violence, 'and he'd remember me if I ketches hold of him.'

It further transpired that Welks had not seen the boy before, so far as he remembered; he was not a boy who lived in the Lane or its neighbourhood. Welks had lived here himself for twelve years and knew every inhabitant by sight.

Eltham began to feel that an amateur detective's way is not all plain-sailing. He thought a while and then asked from which direction the boy came and what was he like. Welks' reply was prompt enough, but not helpful: the boy came round the corner from Conduit Street, he was a young boy respectably dressed in a clean collar: he had red hair; he did not look as though he came from any distance.

'The boy is the link,' decided Eltham, not very hopefully. 'I suppose, Welks,' he continued aloud, 'that as you were only discharged this morning, you have nothing to do? Nothing, and no prospect of anything? Well, you must help me for the present; the first thing we have to do is to discover this boy. Here's five shillings to keep you going for a

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day or two. You spend your time walking about every back street and mews within half a mile of Bond Street; watch the board schools when they are coming out. When you find the boy, you must follow him and see where he lives, and then come to me. When you have found that boy, Welks, I'll undertake to see you righted.'

The man pocketed the silver, saying he would tramp the streets till he walked the boots off his feet; and Eltham, hoping that his ally might at least be depended on to prosecute what he realised was hardly more than a wildgoose chase, went his way homeward. The difference between Welks' story and that which held currency in the office had struck him forcibly at the moment, but with a singleness of purpose, really praiseworthy in a novice, he had put the discrepancy aside while he worked out his own line; and now it recurred to him, he did not attach much importance to it. Mr Girdleton always made a point of flattering representatives of the press, but nobody knew better than he where to stop; and it was plain to the meanest intelligence that if Welks' story were to get into the papers the operations of the detective entrusted with the task of tracing the criminal might be seriously embarrassed. It was a little odd that Welks had not yet been approached by the police, for he would surely have mentioned it had they come to question him; but perhaps they had begun with Jackson or had found another clue which they were following up.

He got up earlier than usual the next morning; he was anxious to see the morning paper, and, moreover, meant to go early to Bond Street, for he was very certain there was hard work ahead for the gallery staff. His *Standard* gave ample indication that the 'Girdleton Gallery Outrage' was to be the sensation of the time. The second leading article was devoted to the subject, and heavy headlines drew attention to a column and a half of matter, descriptive, indignant, reminiscent and conjectural. The account was so far accurate that it told Eltham nothing that he did not know already, and perusal left him with a grateful sense of superiority in virtue of the knowledge he had obtained from Welks. He was at Bond Street by a quarter past nine, but early as it was he found people there before him: a score or two of city men who had been driven from their breakfast tables by the report in the morning paper; a dozen country cousins congratulating themselves on their luck in being able to include such a sight as this in their hard day's pleasure: half-a-dozen press artists who had paid their shillings like men, without waiting for some one having authority to come and accord the customary 'pass'; and lastly, waiting in the hall, a few enterprising photographers seeking permission to 'take a negative.' The 'boom' had fairly begun, and from half-past ten the entrance hall was crammed with visitors seeking admission.

Eltham watched the crowd with special interest; his employer's family rarely came to the gallery, but they would surely not fail to-day; Mrs and Miss Girdleton had called when the Raphael was first exhibited six weeks ago,

and might safely be expected to come and see its present sad condition. The clerks' office was divided from the entrance hall by a glass screen through which the heads of people could be seen by standing on the rung of a high stool, and Eltham's fellow-clerks found occasion to make frequent inquiries concerning the comfort of his seat; after noon had struck, he could not concentrate his attention on his work for five consecutive minutes.

Mrs Girdleton did come eventually, but alone.

'Oh, the crush!' she exclaimed, as she turned into the office and sank into a chair. 'I'll wait here for a minute, Mr Eltham, if you'll kindly ask my husband if I may go through his room; he won't welcome me, if he is engaged.'

The clerks' office communicated with the proprietor's, which in its turn had a private entrance to the gallery. Eltham ascertained that Mr Girdleton was engaged, and nothing loth informed the lady, who declared her intention of waiting as she wished to see her husband.

'It's a long time since we've seen you on a Sunday, Mr Eltham,' she observed, smiling dubiously. She was an amiable but rather silly woman, who still made the most of lingering traces of beauty; she stood in profound awe of her spouse, and took a pride in the circumstance that was apt to be embarrassing. Her view of Eltham's attachment to her daughter differed from that adopted by Mr Girdleton. 'The son of a clergyman,' she used to assure her intimates in a confidential undertone, 'a rector who was an Honourable in his own right, being the son of a nobleman. Fact.'

'How is Miss Girdleton?' inquired Eltham, making a creditable effort to speak of her as a mere acquaintance.

Mrs Girdleton's weak smile of meaning said plainly that she understood and sympathised: she leaned forward to say that Annie had gone yesterday to pay a visit to her aunt at Chester.

'Annie's got a will of her own,' she continued, dropping her voice lower, with a glance at the door of her husband's room, 'and things have not been going smoothly at home of late'—she paused to nod and smile her watery smile—'and so I persuaded father to let her go away for a bit. So I saw her off yesterday by the two o'clock train; first class and everything comfortable.'

'Does she intend to pay a long visit?' asked Eltham, for the sake of saying something; Miss Girdleton's absence from London did not affect him now.

'I expect she will be away until after we move into our new house. You knew we had taken a new house in Queen's Square, Bayswater?'

Eltham was aware that the change had been mooted.

'I hope we shall soon see you there,' whispered Mrs Girdleton, with a crop of smiling nods; 'the longest lane has a turning. Does she write?' and she raised her eyebrows.

Eltham replied that Mr Girdleton had exacted from him a promise not to correspond.

'He made her promise too; but there's been so much crossness and scolding lately, that I thought she might have. *I* should have, I know.'

The rattle of the door handle made her start up quickly, but, her husband's visitors coming out, she covered her confusion by going into his room.

'We are providing rare sport for the private inquiry agencies,' said Mr Girdleton, coming into the clerks' office after seeing his wife through to the gallery, 'but I don't think it will help matters to encourage them all to go a-hunting for the rascal. If any more of them ask to see me, Eltham, just say that the Scotland Yard people have taken the business in hand, and that we have given all the information we possess to the newspapers; they can refer to them. We shall have the detectives complaining that their investigations are hindered if we encourage outsiders.'

Eltham listened, wondering how his own 'private inquiry' would be regarded by his employer if he happened to hear of it.

'I suppose you have not heard anything from the police yet, Mr Girdleton?'

'You don't know the ways of Scotland Yard if you imagine they could have anything to report in twenty-four hours, my boy.'

Fear lest the police should be beforehand with him was the uppermost feeling in Eltham's mind. He was working against overwhelming odds; the detectives had time and experience to give to the task, and, no doubt, all the money they required: whereas he had to rely upon the exertions of a not very intelligent elderly man who, to use a mild expression, was not a teetotaler. He wished he had thought last night of stimulating Welks with promises of reward if he succeeded in finding that all-important boy. If the detectives got hold of him first, he might bid Welks cease his endeavours.

Mr Girdleton was justified of his decision to see no more people who sought information as the preliminary step to competing for that five thousand pounds. Ex-detectives who had retired from 'the force' to set up business on their own account, came in that day at the rate of three an hour. It was a revelation to the gallery staff, that London contained so many of the fraternity, and Eltham's hopes sank lower as each went out leaving as a legacy his supposition that he must do the best he could without the assistance he had a right to expect.

'I b'lieve it's one of them chaps as did it to make a job for his pals,' was the indignant comment of Peters the commissionaire as he ushered out the ninth.

And all day long till after seven o'clock the entrance hall was thronged with well-dressed crowds, pressing forward to the turnstiles whose clacking never ceased. You may see a whole Raphael for nothing any day you choose to go to the National Gallery, but a work by the great master with a hole in it—a hole maliciously and mysteriously cut—is a sight to be seen once in a century. Mr Girdleton was fortunate—if the word be not misused in such a connection—in the hour of his misfortune.

Parliament was sitting, but the debates were exceptionally intelligent and dull; no horrible murder justified six-inch letters on the evening bills, and they that put asunder over against Temple Bar had nothing before them that called for the semblance of a verbatim report. A sensation was absolutely called for to give a spice to life; and the mutilator of Mr Girdleton's Raphael supplied it.

'Ruined it may be,' said Peters each afternoon as he staggered into the office, laden with small sacks of silver drawn from the glutted turnstiles, 'but if it's money we want, give me a ppter with a 'ole in it to make our fortunes. Shall I call a keb, sir? It's bank time.'

MONEY AND MUSIC.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

A CERTAIN eminent living composer, speaking from his own experience, has told us that poverty is a spur to musical genius. It is to the poor in this world's goods that he would turn for artistic greatness. The poor work hard, they study seriously. Rich people are apt to apply themselves lightly to music, and to abandon the painful toil to which every strong musician must submit unceasingly and without complaint. No doubt there is a measure of truth about this view of the case. Russell Lowell was wont to say that the two chief sources of inspiration are a full mind and an empty pocket; and although the empty pocket will not help the musician greatly in these days of push and advertising enterprise, it seems to have been at least no hindrance to the composers and artists who lived in the 'good old times.'

Nothing, indeed, is more sadly instructive than to compare the figures earned by present day musicians of the first rank with the sums which their predecessors, the men whom we regard as the classics of music, earned by the exercise of their art. Before the time of Handel there is practically no record of musicians having been paid at all; and from the fact that they all died poor men, we may reasonably infer that they had either special facilities for getting rid of money, or that they had very little money to get rid of. Even Handel, had it not been for his oratorios and his operatic speculations, would have lived and died as poor as the proverbial church mouse. Walsh, his publisher, paid him pitiful prices for his operas. For at least eleven of these works he received no more than twenty-five guineas each; and the largest sum he was ever paid was only £105, which he got for *Alexander's Feast*. It must not be thought from these small prices that the composer's works did not sell; on the contrary, they always found a ready market, and proved a great source of profit to the publisher. From the proceeds of his first opera, *Rinaldo*, Walsh netted a profit of over £1500, whereupon Handel jocularly remarked to the

music-seller: 'Well, you shall compose the next opera, and I will publish it.' Handel, as everybody knows, lost a fortune in trying to establish Italian opera in London; and although he subsequently more than recouped himself by his oratorios, it was not the publisher but the public who put it in his power to do this.

Even when we come down to the time of Mozart, we do not find that the claim of the brain-worker to a fair wage had been recognised. It almost staggers one to recall the fact that *Don Giovanni* brought to its composer no more than £20. For *The Magic Flute* he was paid just one hundred ducats, and yet the manager of the theatre at which the opera was first produced made a fortune out of it. No wonder Mozart had to be laid in a pauper's grave, the very site of which is unknown to this day! Schubert fared even worse. Some of his magnificent songs sold for less than a shilling, and at his decease it was difficult to raise enough money to bury him. Haydn's income would to-day be deemed small by a player in the theatre orchestra, and his 'estate' was almost a minus quantity. Weber, who died seventy-one years ago, received less than £800 in all for his *Freischütz*, one of the most popular operas ever written; while from his five other operas he made only £1600 altogether. By *The Bohemian Girl* Balfe gained less than £1500, although the 'Marble Halls' ballad in that very popular work put some £3000 in the pockets of the publishers.

It is not until we come down to quite recent times that we find the composer satisfactorily rewarded for his work. Wagner was the first of the fortunate men. It is true that in his early years his earnings were very small; but when he had made a name for himself he was able to command very substantial sums. He sold the copyright—not the performing right—of his *Parsifal* for about £9000, which was perhaps the largest sum ever paid to a composer for a single opera; while for the four dramas in *Der Ring des Nibelungen* he was paid £2000. From the American ladies who wished an orchestral march for a centenary celebration he obtained a little over £1000; and it is calculated that his regular income during the last years of his life was about £5000 per annum. With all this, Wagner was very often in difficulties; but he explained the matter himself when he said: 'By nature I am luxurious, prodigal, extravagant, much more than Sardanapalus and all the old emperors put together.' Gounod got £4000 for his oratorio, *The Redemption*, and from an English publisher too; and Brahms is said to receive £1000 for the score of a symphony. Sir Arthur Sullivan composes an opera score in two months, and the reward is usually about £12,000 for the first year alone. As we write, he is said to be preparing a ballet for the Alhambra, for which he is to be paid £2000. Sir Arthur is believed to draw about £30,000 a year from his comic operas alone. A pretty change this

since the time when Dr Arne sold his *Artaxerxes* for sixty guineas! Mascagni's pecuniary enrichment from his *Cavalleria Rusticana* up to the beginning of 1895 is put down at about £18,000; and Humperdinck made some £10,000 out of *Hänsel and Gretel* within a twelvemonth. In England the terms for serious work are not very high. Oratorios and cantatas are written mostly for the great Festivals, and the sum paid very seldom exceeds one hundred guineas. Festival committees reckon a great deal upon the 'honour' done to a composer in inviting him to write; and the composer who is not satisfied with that and his hundred guineas must look to his royalties for the rest.

It is, however, perhaps in the domain of song-writing that the most interesting figures fall to be quoted. In this branch of composition, more than in any other, a success often comes quite unexpectedly, and sometimes the poor composer, if he has parted with his copyright absolutely, is excluded from any share in its pecuniary rewards. Some of the veteran Henry Russell's figures are very instructive in this connection. For 'Cheer, boys, cheer,' for example, he received only £11 in all; for 'There's a good time coming,' £2; for 'The Maniac,' £1; for 'Man the Lifeboat,' 10s.; and so on. Yet these songs, in the matter of popularity, held the field for many years, and the sums which the publishers realised from them must have been very large. Again, take 'My Pretty Jane,' one of the most profitable songs to the publishers ever written. Some years ago it brought over £2000; yet all that Mr Fitzball, the writer of the words, and Sir Henry Bishop, the composer of the music, jointly received did not exceed £200. Fitzball, to be sure, declared that it took him just ten minutes to write; and Bishop thought so little of his own setting that he had thrown the manuscript into the waste-paper basket, from which it was fished out by the manager of Vauxhall Gardens. But even so, the composer was surely entitled to a proportionate reward with the publisher; and it is not consoling to recall the circumstance that Bishop died almost a pauper.

Other examples of the kind might be multiplied indefinitely. Everybody remembers 'Grandfather's Clock,' a song which was the 'rage' for many a day. Thousands of pounds were made out of it by the music-sellers, and the copyright sold only recently for £410; but the composer got only a few shillings, and ultimately died in destitution. The same thing happened in the case of Alexander Hume's beautiful setting of Burns's 'Afton Water.' It is said he did not receive even the traditional guinea. The composer of 'She wore a Wreath of Roses' sold his copyright for fifty shillings, and soon after had the doubtful pleasure of seeing it repurchased by a second publisher for £500. George Barker obtained only forty shillings for 'The White Squall,' though Messrs Cramer afterwards paid him £100; and for that immensely popular song, 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' the composer, Mr F. N. Crouch, received just £5. Mr Brinsley Richards sold 'God bless the Prince of Wales' outright for £20; but the publishers, finding the song a success, subsequently made him a present of 100 guineas—not a large

sum in the circumstances. 'Nancy Lee' was another 'Grandfather's Clock' as to popularity, but in this case the composer fared somewhat better. The publisher at first thought £10 a great deal too much for the song, but it is generally understood that subsequently he came to pay pretty nearly £10,000 in the way of royalties to Mr Michael Maybrick. Mr Wellington Guernsey offered his 'Alice, where art thou?' to several music publishers for a five-pound note, but these men of wisdom refused the bargain, only to find, to their sore dismay, that the song eventually attained a sale of between two and three hundred thousand copies. Such cases are constantly occurring. One of the most melancholy men the writer ever saw was an ex-publisher who had declined 'Tommy, make room for your Uncle,' by which a rival made several thousand pounds. When, in 1885, Mr Henry Leslie, the conductor of the famous choir which bore his name, wrote his trio 'O memory,' he offered it to Mr Chappell, but that gentleman refused to take it even as a gift. Next year Mr Leslie issued it at his own risk, and in 1890 he was able to say that, 37,000 copies having been sold, the trio had netted him the nice little sum of £1150. At the same date Mr I. lie's popular 'Speed on, my Bark, speed on,' brought him in £570. Of course, one ^{has} certain sympathy with the music-public! ⁱⁿ this matter of low prices and cautious dealing. The vogue of a song is often a mere question of chance; and if a publisher sometimes finds himself making money where he least anticipated, he not seldom also finds the tables turned upon himself. Moreover, the agonies of the sensitive who are compelled to listen to some songs *ad nauseam* may perhaps serve as a set-off to the small profits of the ad-time musician!

But it is the popular writers of to-day who make the large incomes out of their songs. Thackeray used to say it was amazing how much he received for indifferent work when his reputation was established, compared with what he could command for really first-rate writing when he was still an unknown man. It is apparently the same with the song-composer: once make a 'hit' and the publisher is ready to accept anything—and to pay handsomely for it too. Gounod, who obtained but £100 for the English rights of *Faust*, received in his last years from £80 to £100 for every song he wrote. Sir Arthur Sullivan was content to part with his first ballads for a few pounds—he sold his popular 'Hush thee! my babie,' for £5; a successful man, he can now command £700 down for one song; while from 'The Lost Chord' alone it is said that he has realised over £10,000. Signor Tosti, the composer of 'For ever and for ever,' whose first manuscripts were 'declined with thanks,' can now command £250 for a song; and as much may be obtained by Mr Milton Wellings, Mr Molloy, Mr Cowen, and a few others now at the top of the ladder. Frank L. Moir made over £2000 out of his popular song 'Only once more'; and it was stated not long ago that for three songs Mr Marzials receives from a firm of publishers some £2000 per annum. Michael Watson's publisher said he could always rely on any-

thing he wrote selling, and he generally paid him £75 down for a song. Nor was this a very high figure, considering that the copyright of Mr Watson's much-sung 'Anchored' realised in 1894 the record sum (for a song) of £1212. In these figures the writer of the words does not usually participate at all. He sells his wares right away, and has done with them. Mr Oxenford and Mr Weatherley often get as much as twenty-five guineas for three small verses; less well-known writers get two guineas; and the man who is not known at all must content himself with half the latter sum. Writers of dance music, especially of waltzes, make large incomes out of their works. The Strauss family have realised a fabulous fortune in this way; and it was reported a year or two back that two English ladies were drawing £1200 per annum each from a couple of waltzes. It has to be noted, too, that most of our popular song and dance tune composers, in addition to a certain sum down, reserve to themselves the right of a royalty on every copy sold. In this way their income from a particular composition may last for many years. In spite of these long prices which we have quoted, the publisher generally manages to thrive and even wax fat. When Mr John Boosey died some years ago, he left £74,000 behind him; and this was small compared with the wealth of Mr Robert Cocks, whose personality alone was nearly £200,000, the real property being probably worth more than as much again. It will thus be seen that music hath charms, very substantial charms, for the publisher, as well as for the select few among the composers.

In these later days the recital pianist, among instrumental performers, is quite leading the way in the matter of figures. Paderewski is, of course, first. When he was in America in 1893 he made £35,000 out of sixty-four recitals, which, allowing two-and-a-half hours for each concert, means £3, 13s. for every minute he was at the piano! Just before the Chicago Exhibition opened, Rubinstein was offered £25,000 for fifty recitals in the States, and at that time this sum was quite unprecedented. It was, indeed, very much more than Rubinstein earned on his first American tour, which brought him only £40 per concert. But pianists' prices have risen greatly in recent years. The best 'house' that Von Bülow ever had was £200; but Rubinstein got a £1000 audience into St James's Hall in June 1887; and even Hoffman, the prodigy pianist, who had only £70 on his first appearance, attracted no less than £650 to the same hall in the Jubilee year. M. de Pachmann, again, touched £400 as his best individual effort in London. Compare these figures with the fee of twenty-four guineas paid to 'the little marvel' Mozart when he appeared before George III. and his consort in 1764; and even with the £96 which poor Weber, dying on his feet at the time, made out of a benefit concert in London in 1826. So late as 1848, Chopin, dying slowly too, received only £60 for a couple of piano recitals at Manchester, the identical sum which he made out of a single recital in Glasgow the same year.

The gradual rise in the payments made to

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singers has more than kept pace with the prices paid to composers. A look through the treasurer's accounts of the old Sacred Harmonic Society would confirm this statement in a very certain and interesting way. For example, at the Christmas performance of *The Messiah* in December 1853, Miss Birch was paid eight guineas; Madame Sainton-Dolby, eight guineas; Mr and Mrs Lockey together, sixteen guineas; and Mr Weiss, the composer of *The Village Blacksmith*, six guineas. At the performance of *Israel in Egypt* in the same year, Mr Sims Reeves took fifteen guineas; Carl Formes, ten guineas; and Madame Sainton-Dolby, eight guineas. Nine years afterwards, in December 1862, for singing in *The Messiah*, Madame Radersdorff was paid ten guineas; Mr Henry Haigh, eight guineas; while Madame Sainton-Dolby's terms had risen to ten guineas. It need hardly be said that concert vocalists now in full demand would laugh at such fees. Some years ago, when Mr Toole was returning thanks to an audience in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, he referred to the circumstance that he and Sims Reeves and Henry Irving had all at an early stage of their careers sought professional honours in the Scottish capital. The salaries of the three friends, according to Mr Toole, were then: the singer, thirty shillings; the comedian, forty shillings; the tragedian, fifty shillings each per week. 'Of course,' added Mr Toole, 'we get more now.'

No doubt of it! Mr Sims Reeves has had as much as £120 for one evening; and on one memorable occasion, when he took a so-called 'final farewell,' at the Albert Hall, he drew nearly £2000, with the aid of Adelaide Neilson. Mr Edward Lloyd, who is practically Mr Sims Reeves' successor, averages sixty guineas a concert, and about £300 or £400 for a Festival engagement. For a recent tour in the United States he was paid £200 per night. Mr Santley's douceur for an ordinary concert engagement is about fifty guineas. When he was engaged at the first Leeds Festival in 1858, he sang in eight concerts for £42; but in 1880, when he had reached the zenith of his fame, he demanded 250 guineas for the same work. Later on, the Festival committee found they could dispense with him at three of the concerts, and with true Yorkshire shrewdness they asked him to accept 200 guineas. Whereupon the eminent baritone expressed himself as 'grossly insulted,' broke his engagement, and has never appeared at Leeds since. Madame Albani sings generally for £150; but she too has her special Festival terms. For the Leeds Festival of 1877 Tietjens had been engaged at a fee of 500 guineas (she stipulated that no other artiste was to receive more!), but she died before the date of the Festival, and Madame Albani was chosen to fill her place. Albani insisted upon 550 guineas, in order to take precedence of the dead artiste; but she promised to give, and did give, fifty guineas to the local medical charities out of the fee. Albani's terms at the last Festival (1895) were 400 guineas for four appearances.

Tenor vocalists are specially favoured in the matter of payments. A Spanish tenor, who had originally been a blacksmith, died some years ago worth £160,000, all made out of his

voice. The *di majores* in that line at the present time are M. Jean de Reszké and the Italian tenor Tamagno, both well known to operatic audiences in England. In 1894 the latter made £20,000 off a six months' season at Buenos Ayres, and some years ago he had an engagement at Rio Janeiro for £400 a night, at the rate of ten performances a month during the operatic season. Exactly twenty years ago, when he made his débüt as a baritone at Drury Lane, De Reszké's salary could hardly have exceeded £10 a week. At the time of writing, it is being stated 'on good authority' that he is being paid at the Opera at the rate of £200 per night, and if the figures are correct, the fee is probably the highest ever reached by an operatic tenor during a London season. For his farewell series of performances at Covent Garden in 1871, Mario was paid a lump sum, which averaged, we believe, about £150 a night, but £200 is quite high-water mark. When in America a year or two ago, De Reszké got £400 for contributing two songs at a private entertainment! But they can do wonderful things in America. Even in the churches the leading singers are paid what in England would be regarded as extravagant salaries for the same duties. In Dr Paxton's church in New York, for example, the leading soprano has a salary of £900 a ~~but~~ ^{year} and in the great majority of churches the ~~but~~ ^{salts} get from £80 to £100 per annum. The exceptionally high salaries are not due so much to the wealth of the general body of worshippers as to the presence in the congregation of some wealthy individual who is specially interested in the music.

Of course, in this matter of money and music, no one needs to be told at this time of day that Madame Patti is far and away the best remunerated artiste in the world. Patti was the first prima-donna who demanded in Paris a nightly salary of 10,000 francs. When it was conceded to her, her rivals preferred the same claims; so that, to keep her supremacy in the operatic market, she persistently raised her prices to 15,000 francs, which sum she received for each of the three concerts she gave in one week at the Eden Theatre. And yet Patti began modestly enough. When she made her débüt in London in 1862, she was engaged for five years at a salary of £150 a month for the first year, £200 for the second, £250 for the third, £290 for the fourth, and £400 for the fifth year, the lady to sing twice a week. Until her marriage to the Marquis de Caux, Patti never received from Covent Garden more than £120 per night. Considering that the diva gets £800 per concert in London, and that an American contract recently gave her a minimum salary of £1200 per night, plus expenses and half of all the gross receipts over £2400, times have undoubtedly changed. During the past ten or twelve years Madame Patti's annual average has been about £40,000. To the non-professional mind this may seem out of all proportion to the value given and received. But of course the singer takes quite another view of the matter. When Gabrielli visited Russia in 1768, and Catharine II. wished to have her services, the vocalist asked a fee of 5000 ducats. 'Far too much,' said the Empress,

amazed. 'Why! that is more than I pay my field-marshals.' The retort was inevitable. 'Then let your field-marshals sing for you,' replied Gabrielli.

CHOPPING OIL IN THE BIGHT OF BIAFRA.

By F. HARVEY MAJOR.

OF all the various methods ever devised by the law makers of civilised nations for the purpose of collecting debts, surely none can approach in simplicity the mode of procedure in vogue in the oil-rivers of Western Africa until a very few years ago.

'Chopping oil,' as it was called, is a term which would convey no meaning to the average commercial man accustomed to the lengthy routine of our English law-courts. But West African traders understand it, and many men still amongst us who, fifteen or twenty years ago, resided amidst the miasma-laden swamps fringing the low-lying coast of the Bight of Biafra—such men, when spinning their yarns in congenial company at home in Old England, round a good roaring fire, enjoying their grog and tobacco, recall with a thrill scenes of excitement in which they have participated when 'chopping.' It is a rule with merchants when engaging the services of an agent to take charge of one of their factories on the coast, to insert a clause in the agreement stipulating that he shall give no 'trust'—that is, commercial credit—to any of the natives with whom he may do business, and providing that, in the event of his doing so, his employers shall hold a lien upon his salary, commission, or other emoluments, to the extent of any loss which may be incurred by his infringement of instructions.

When entering into this arrangement, both parties to the agreement, at the time of which I write, knew that under the then existent conditions, trade could not possibly be carried on without a large amount of 'trust' being continually given out; and therefore it behoved the trader to find some simple but tolerably efficient method of recovering his outstanding accounts prior to the expiration of his term of service. So as soon as it became known that he was about to return home, every chief who was indebted to him packed up his belongings, assembled his men, and took himself and them off to his 'barracoon,' or farm, where his slaves were bred, and his produce, palm-oil, ebony, &c., was collected. These 'barracoons' it was the fortune of very few Englishmen to be allowed to visit, for it was obviously of the first importance to the native chief that the whereabouts and resources of his 'barracoon' should remain secret.

However, the white traders found a way out of the difficulty. By appealing to the king's cupidity, they introduced a system enabling

them to get their 'trust' in expeditiously, furnishing at the same time a new and exciting sport, and giving his sable majesty the means of considerably augmenting his private purse.

Say Mr So-and-so is desirous of closing his 'venture' (the name applied to his term of agency) and return to civilisation for a spell. In the first place he ceases to give any of his cargo out on trust, and this step at once proclaims his intentions to his astute debtors, who hurry off up-country at top speed. He now goes to the king, and for a varying amount (calculated at about five per cent. upon the value of the trust he has out) purchases a 'ju-ju' or 'fetish,' which confers upon him the rights and privileges of a chief. As such rights depend in a general way upon the *might* of each chief, those of the white man, supported as they are by the combined strength of the whole European community, are practically uncontested.

He now levies upon any native produce he may find *afloat*, on the river or tributary creeks, that is not actually under the protection of another white man—that is, not already alongside a trading ship, or a traders' wharf. He takes forcible possession, often only after a desperate struggle, carefully tests and measures the oil so distrained upon, and gives the owner an order for the same quantity upon one of his absent debtors. This order the victimised native executes himself by force if he is powerful enough, otherwise he takes it to the king, who transacts the business for him, charging a 'custom,' or commission, equal to ten per cent.

It occasionally happened that two white men would be 'chopping' at the same time, and then the excitement was fast and furious as the rivals scoured the river and creeks at nights in their efforts to secure oil. The operations frequently extend over several months, inasmuch as the natives would get wary in looking after their goods. Betting ran high as to the success of the rival traders.

Some five-and-twenty years ago there was a trader in Old Calabar, whom I shall call Fielding, for the very good journalistic reason that it was not his name. He was a man of particularly hasty temper; and drinking brandy to excess, as he did, any amiability he might have possessed in his younger days had become so saturated by his fiery potations as to have entirely lost its virtue. He treated his kroobys with the greatest cruelty, flogging them with his heavy twisted rhinoceros hide whip on the slightest pretence; and his behaviour to the natives was such that many times he had been warned by his fellow-traders not to trust himself in their hands under circumstances which would give them a chance to gratify their revenge. One man especially he had been cautioned against. This was one Black Andam, a savage even amongst savages. He was a chief by right of birth, but had lost all status with his tribe through his vicious habits. Having no property, he existed as best he could by pillaging and murdering the weaker members of neighbouring tribes when opportunity offered, and by acting as scout, or spy, when any trader was 'chopping'; for bringing information as to

where oil might be lying, he would always get a 'dash,' or present.

Fielding had once detected Black Andam in the act of pilfering some trifling article on board his ship, and had tied him up to a pump wheel and flogged him, laughing at Black Andam's threats to pay him off for the indignity some day. Fielding's 'venture' was nearly up, and he commenced chopping. Representing one of the principal houses engaged in the trade, he did a large business, and consequently gave an extensive 'trust'; so he was naturally very keen in closing his accounts.

One night about ten o'clock he returned on board his ship much elated after 'chopping' three puncheons of oil, and, with unusual generosity, invited his clerk, a young fellow named Ward, to join him in a glass of brandy. After the two had consumed half a bottle, he ordered Ward to turn in, and settled down to continue his orgie *solas*. He was well into the second bottle when a canoe came alongside, and Black Andam mounted the accommodation ladder and stepped on to the poop.

'What thing you want here, you black devil?' said Fielding, seizing a revolver menacingly.

'I come for tell you I done savey five punch-eons. He be in Monkey Creek, and s'pose you come one time (now), you fit to chop 'em, for only two men live for canoe with 'em,' was the reply.

Fielding, ripe for anything after the quantity of liquor he had taken, said he would go at once; and Ward, who had been aroused by Black Andam's coming, when he heard the decision, ordered a gig to be lowered into the water and manned. No doubt, Fielding would have made use of a gig had his orders not been anticipated; but flying into a fit of drunken rage, he turned to Ward and asked what he meant by giving orders aboard the ship without instructions? Ward replied that he knew the gig would be wanted and only ordered it to save time; but Fielding, from sheer obstinacy, now signified his determination to go in Black Andam's canoe, and told Ward to retire to his room, threatening to put him in irons if he interfered again; then, having put on a pair of long boots and a big coat, he took a stiff tumbler of neat brandy and followed Black Andam down the ladder. The canoe, a small one, was an old patched-up concern, having only four men to paddle it, and when Fielding and Black Andam took their seats amidships, there was not more than three or four inches of gunnel above water. Fielding lit a cigar, and the canoe pushed off into the darkness. The strokes of the paddles had scarcely died away in the distance before the gig, with muffled oars, and in charge of a thoroughly reliable kroboy, was sent off in pursuit of Ward, whose instructions were that it should keep within call but out of sight of the canoe, unless anything suspicious was heard, when it was to dash up and act as might be required. Ward then turned in and went to sleep.

About three o'clock in the morning, Fielding's gig ran alongside the ship of a trader named Hartley, and the head kroboy going on board, asked to see the master at once. He was awakened,

and shocked beyond measure at the boy's report, which was to the effect that after leaving his ship he soon overtook the canoe, which he followed a little distance astern, but still close enough to hear Fielding laughing and talking with Black Andam. They proceeded about five or six miles down the river, when suddenly a scuffle was heard, then a shot, followed by a fearful shriek from Fielding. The gig dashed forward full on top of the swamped canoe, but the only man they could find was Black Andam, who was holding on to the canoe with one hand whilst he brandished Fielding's revolver in the other. He was secured and tied up in the bottom of the gig, which, after cruising about for some time without finding any trace of Fielding or the other four men, then made for the nearest ship.

Black Andam was taken aboard Hartley's ship, where his lashings were exchanged for heavy irons, and he was locked up in the fore peak, Hartley going in Fielding's gig to break the news to Ward. Ward was noted for his coolness under all circumstances, but Hartley, when he awoke him and told the news, was not prepared for his remark, 'Good gracious! Hartley, old fellow, you don't say so? and he had my keys in his pocket!'

A 'palaver' was held to discuss Fielding's death, but the affair remained a mystery.

Black Andam was handed over to be dealt with by the king, but had the terrible fate for which he was to be reserved been known, the traders would certainly have liberated him. King Archibong was about to build a new house, so he consecrated it by digging a kind of cellar under the principal apartment, and immuring Black Andam in it alive with a supply of provisions and water sufficient to last him for about a month. It is said that the screams, curses, and groans of the miserable wretch were heard for several weeks. Whatever the extent of his guilt during life, no one can think of his fearful end without a feeling of pity.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

THE interest recently excited in Uganda, and the construction of a line of railway opening up the country, now about to be vigorously pushed forward, calls attention both to the district in question and to the new means of access to it. Into a descriptive account of Uganda itself it is foreign to our present purpose to enter, our intention being to confine ourselves to a succinct account of the new railway, and to dwell briefly on its more salient features and characteristics.

The assumption by Great Britain of the inland protectorate of Uganda and the basin of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, rendered imperative the formation of a railway affording direct access to the coast, the total distance from lake to ocean being a little over six hundred and fifty miles. A brief glance at the map of Africa will at once enable the route selected for the new railway to be readily followed.

From Mombasa to Tsavo, the first one hundred and forty miles is over plain land, and the formation of the line will be particularly easy. This section is covered with mimosa scrub, and includes the Taro desert, a waterless tract of sixty miles extent. The next fifty miles from Tsavo to Kibwezi is the tsetze-fly belt; but the ground is still level, and neither cuttings nor embankments will be required. Some forty miles beyond Kibwezi rolling prairies are met, and the country of the Masai is traversed.

Near Kikuyu a sharp rise commences, the rise being about six hundred feet in ten miles. This district is some six to seven thousand feet above sea-level, and is remarkably healthy. A long stretch of rolling prairie and grass land covered with game is now traversed, and no engineering difficulties are anticipated. At Kedong the gradient falls sharply. After leaving Molo, a thickly wooded country is met; and at Udoma ravine the only serious obstacle is encountered, for the ravine is three hundred feet in height and three hundred feet in width. A substantial girder bridge will be thrown across the ravine.

The next ten miles shows a rising gradient of one thousand feet through the dense Subuyu forest, the home of the savage elephant-hunting Wadarobo tribe. The line on leaving the forest enters a thickly populated and highly cultivated country, rendered somewhat difficult to traverse by the tributaries of the Nzo River. The remainder of the route passes through an easy country until the terminus at Berkeley Bay, on the north-east shore of the lake, is gained.

The line will be constructed on what is technically known as the 'telescopic principle'—that is, it will be pushed forward from one end (the coast) only, and the rails and material will come forward along the route already laid. The estimated time for construction is four years, and the total cost will be £1,865,000. The exact gauge and weight of rails have not yet been finally decided upon; but the valuable experience already gained in India with similar lines will enable these details to be determined without difficulty. The original estimate, prepared in 1893 by Major Macdonald and Captain Pringle, gave a total cost of nearly two and a quarter millions sterling, or over £3400 per mile, which has been modified in the new design down to £2700 per mile.

Without wearying our readers with arrays of figures, we may briefly state that the working expenses are estimated at forty or fifty thousand pounds per annum, accordingly as three trains per week each way, or only one train per week each way is run. The entire journey will take eight days, and, as travelling will be only by day, strong stations, similar to those in India, will be provided for the trains to put up at nights.

Three classes of traffic will be carried—namely, goods, passenger, and Government stores traffic. In connection with the first named, it is interesting to note that the present rate of carriage by native porters for the journey is £180 per ton, a tariff which will be lowered to £17 per ton on the new railway. Some idea of the frightful cost of the present arrangement may be gathered from the fact that the carriage alone (by native

porters) of a steamer to be built on the Victoria Nyanza amounted to twelve thousand pounds. A large trade in barley, wheat, india-rubber, ivory, and coffee, as well as cotton, is anticipated, and it speaks volumes for the future of the new line that ground along the route is already being taken up.

Mr Pilkington, of the Church Missionary Society, who has long been resident in the country, says that the making of the railway will prevent a great loss of life. At present, the road to the coast is a disgrace. On his way down, he continually passed skeletons on the road, and once a corpse. His party had picked up three sick men, who had been left by caravans to die of starvation. A Government official had remarked to him that slavery was not to be compared to caravan work, which was a disgrace to civilisation. In a tract of one hundred and fifty miles of foodless desert, infested with lions and hyenas, many porters fell victims. In this direction alone the railway would be of inestimable value. According to Bishop Tucker, within the past fifteen years a peaceful and beneficent revolution has been in progress in regard to the habits and customs of the people.

Enough has been said to show that the Uganda Railway will not only open up a promising and fertile country, but that its construction cannot fail to impart an impetus to the manufacturing industries of Great Britain.

A BALLADE OF MY HOME.

SAY, where is home—by sea or land,
Bright summer fields or silent shore,
In lowly cot or mansion grand,
In years to come or days of yore?
'Tis where life's way is covered o'er
With heart's-ease, fragrant, fresh and free;
So hear my song, oft sung before—
Thy heart, dear love, is home to me.

In darkest moments when I stand
With feet most weary, heart most sore,
Thoughts often come in merry band,
True, tender dreams from memory's store,
Of long days when your clear eyes wore
The hue of skies and distant sea:
God left me then no boon to implore—
Your heart, dear love, was home to me.

Why heed the ills from Fate's stern hand,
These woes that she doth on us pour?
Life's but an inn—we, guests trepanned
To pay an austere landlord's score.
I pay it bravely and ignore
The road's mishaps—it leads to thee;
And there, by all true poet's lore,
Thy heart, dear love, is home to me.

ENVOL.

So bide we then a short while more,
Till gentle Death shall turn the key,
Swing wide at last the welcoming door,
And your dear heart be home to me.

WILFRED S. HACKETT.

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